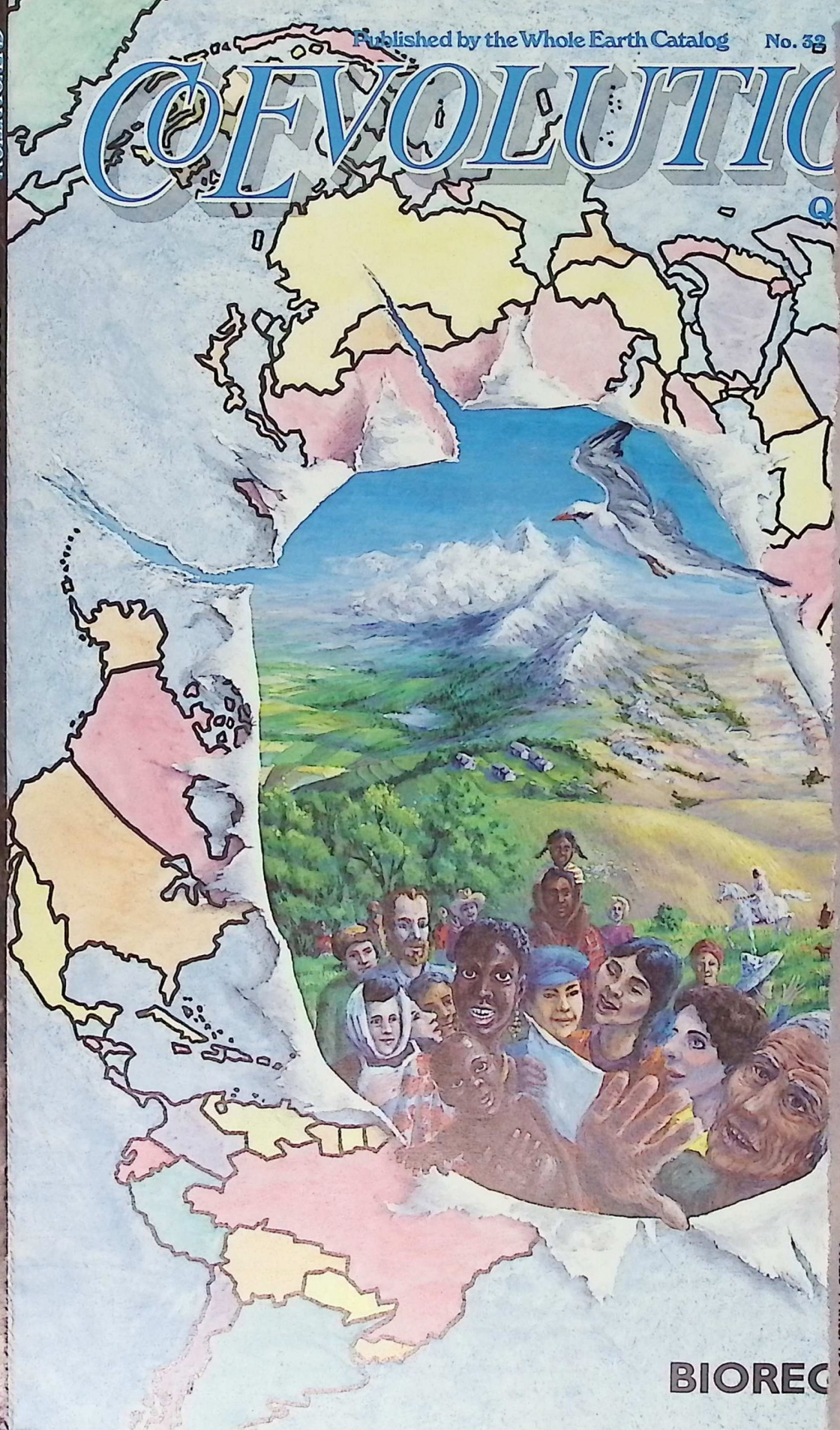


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COEVOLUTION



Neighborhoods Antibiotics in Meat

No.28 Winter 1980

BIOREC

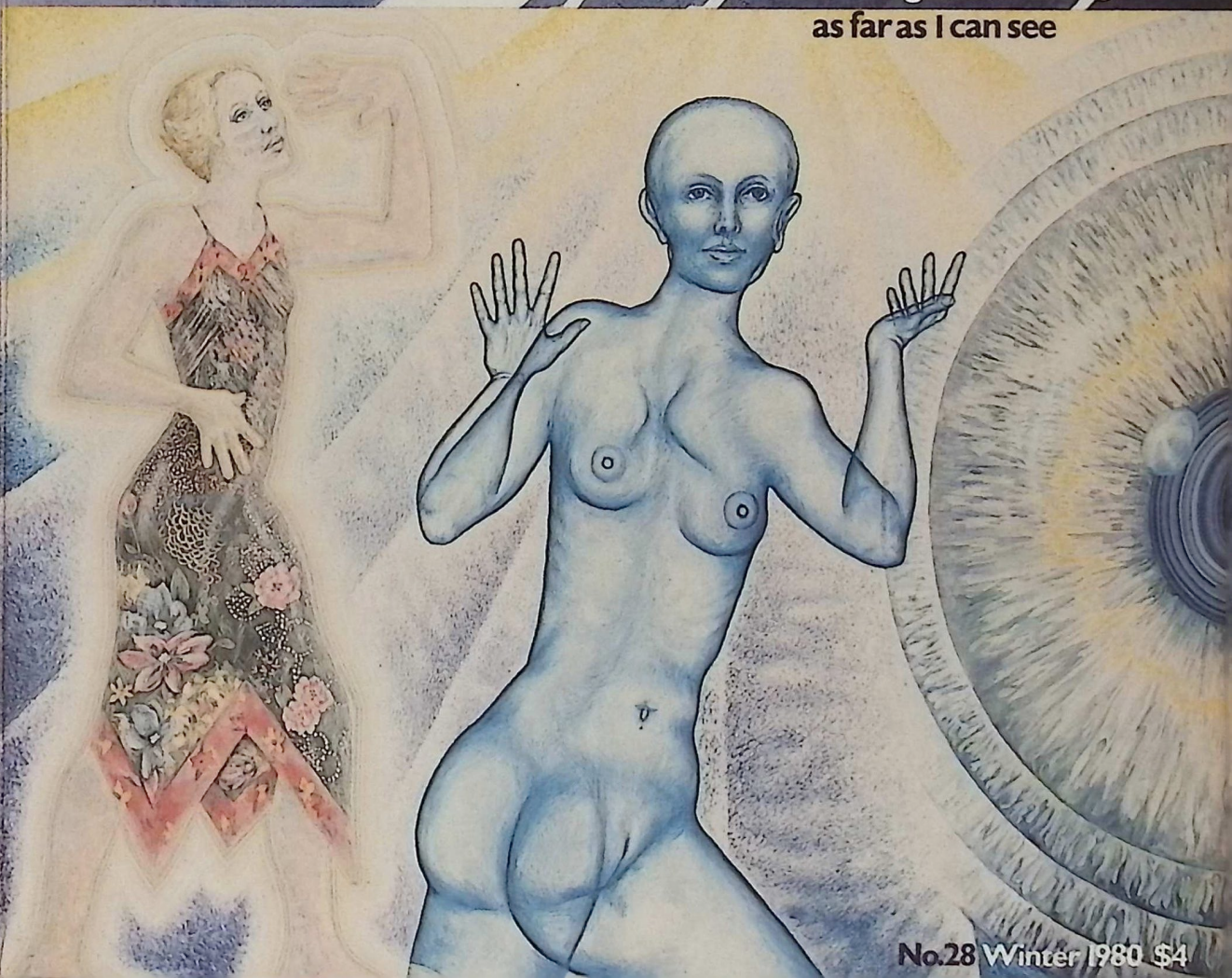
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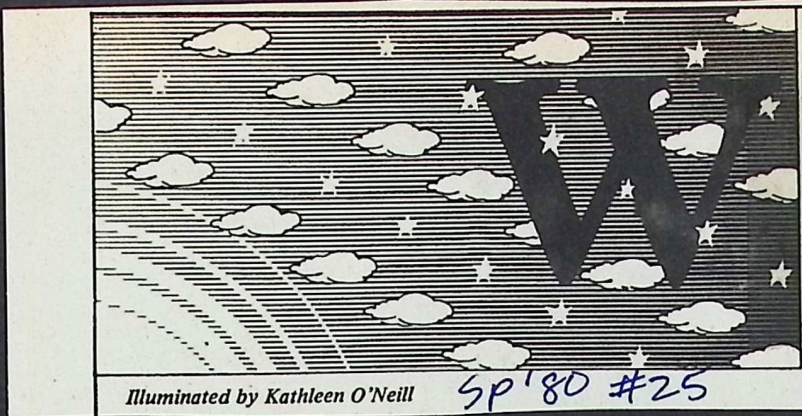
Quarterly



Our neighborhood
as far as I can see

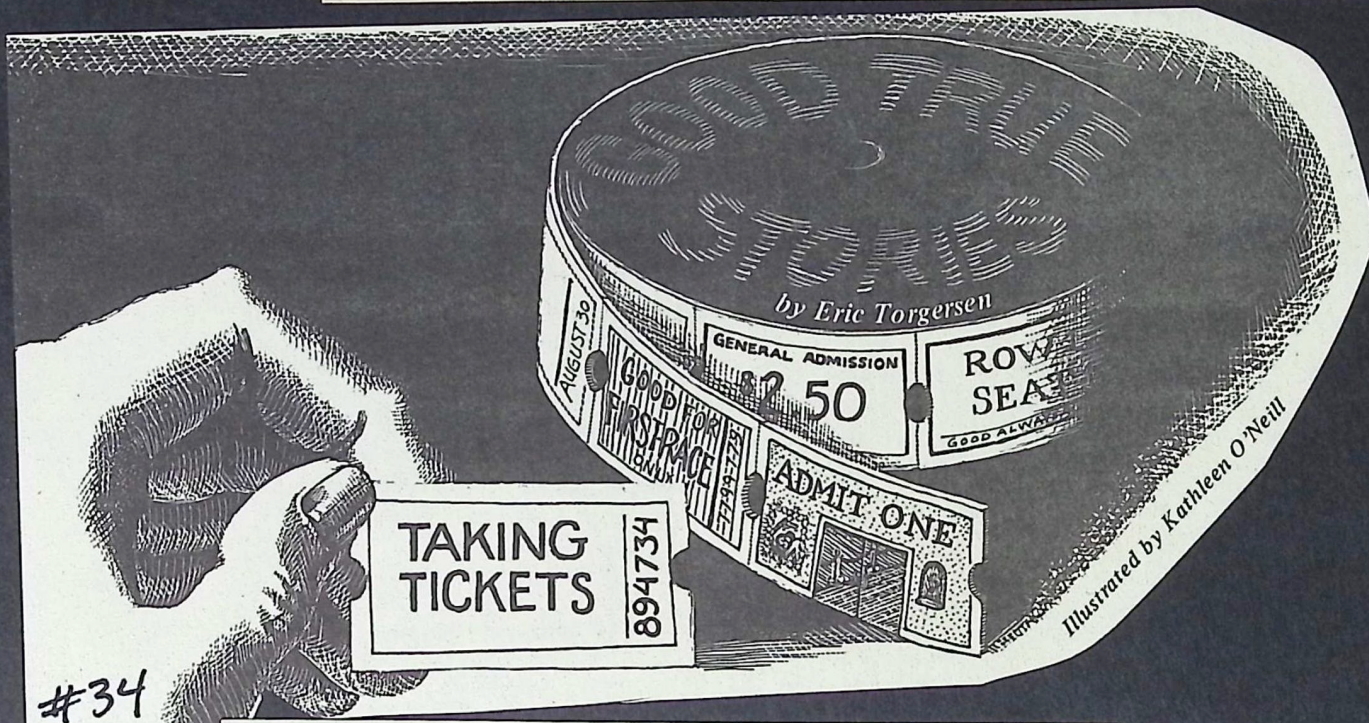
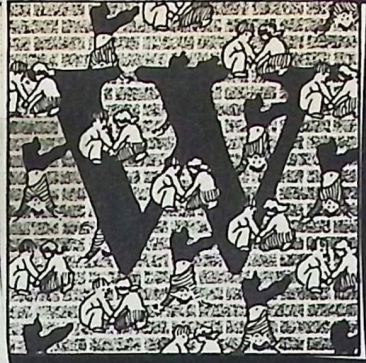
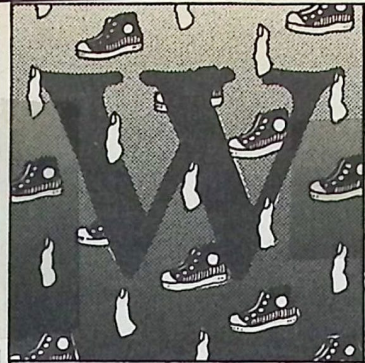


No.28 Winter 1980 \$4



Illuminated by Kathleen O'Neill

SP '80 #25

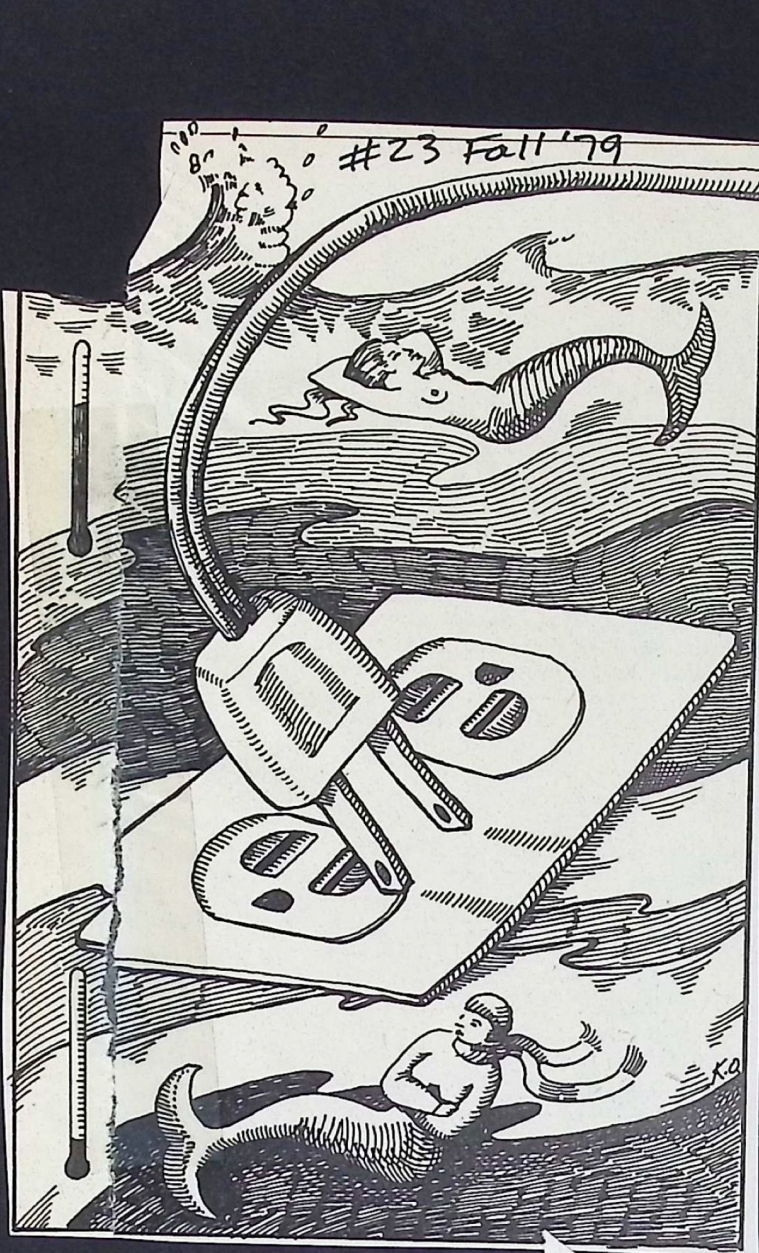


#34

XEROX artwork
by K O'N

#33

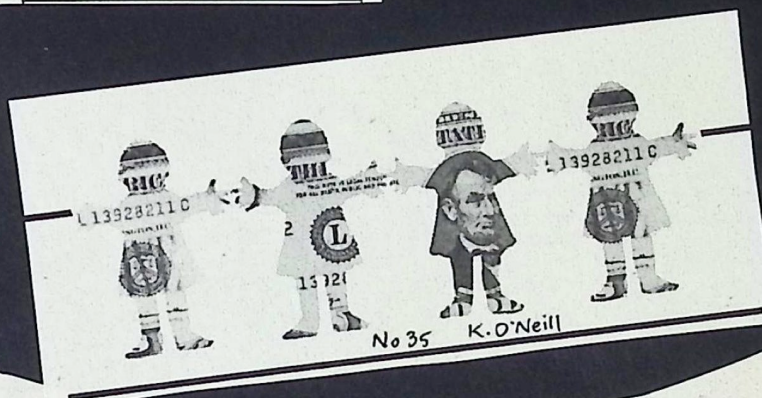




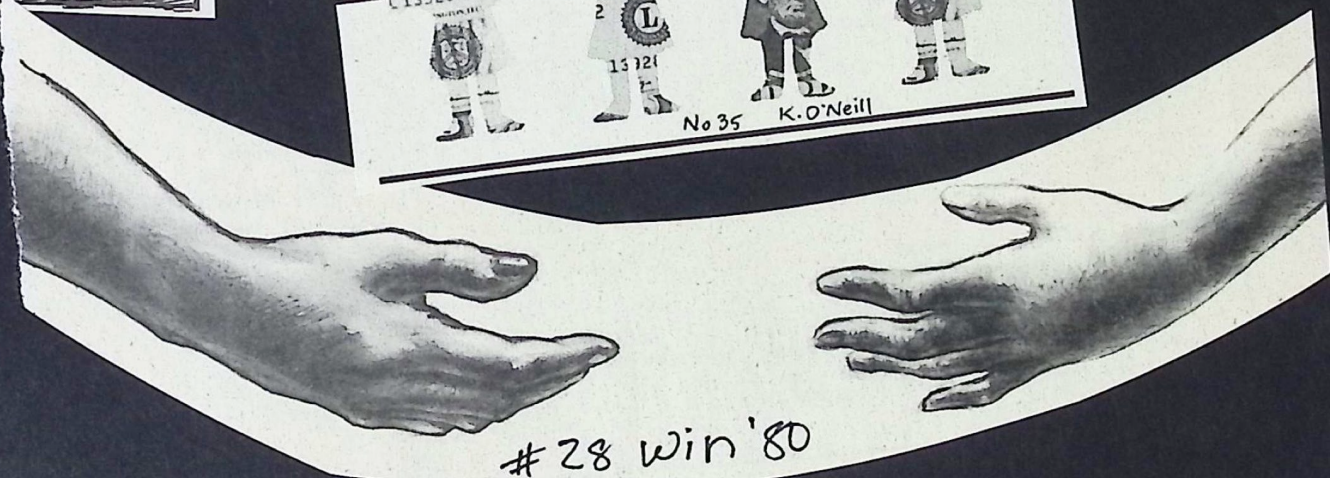
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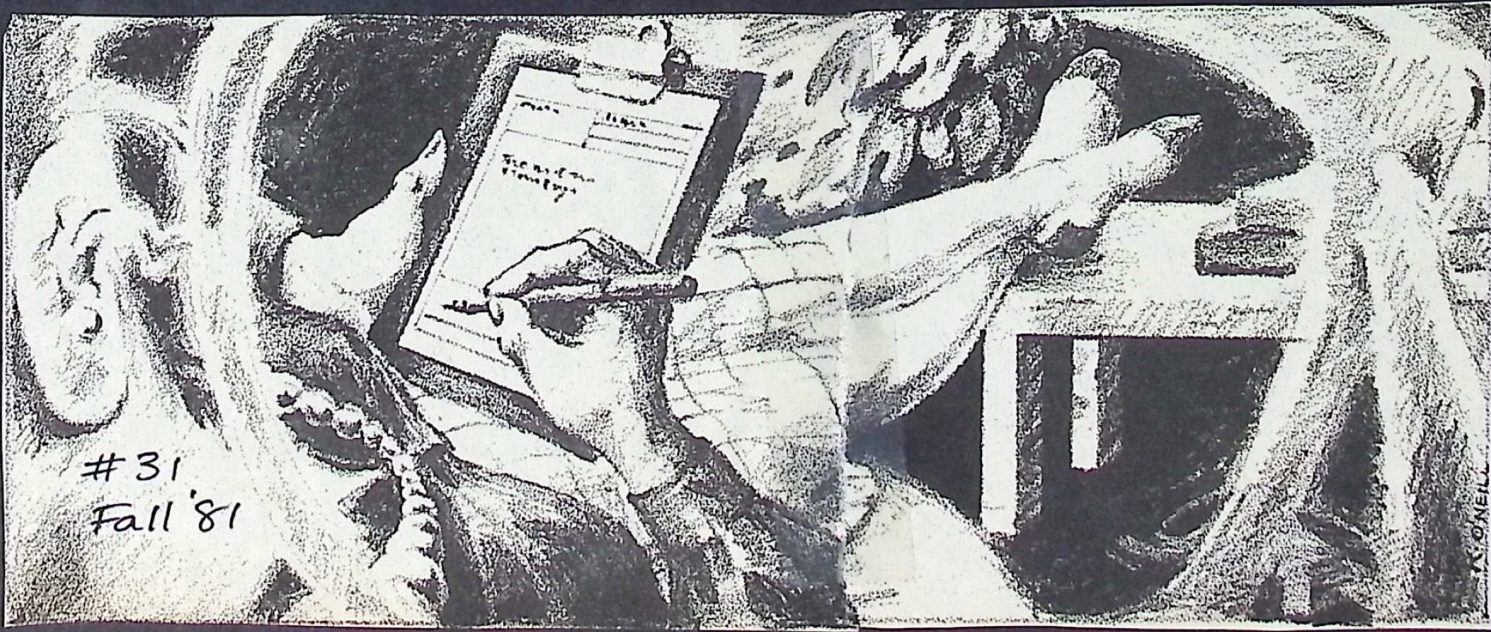
#26
Sum. '80



No 35 K.O'Neill



#28 win '80



#31
Fall '81

LOCAL SHADOW GOVERNMENT

by Michael Phillips

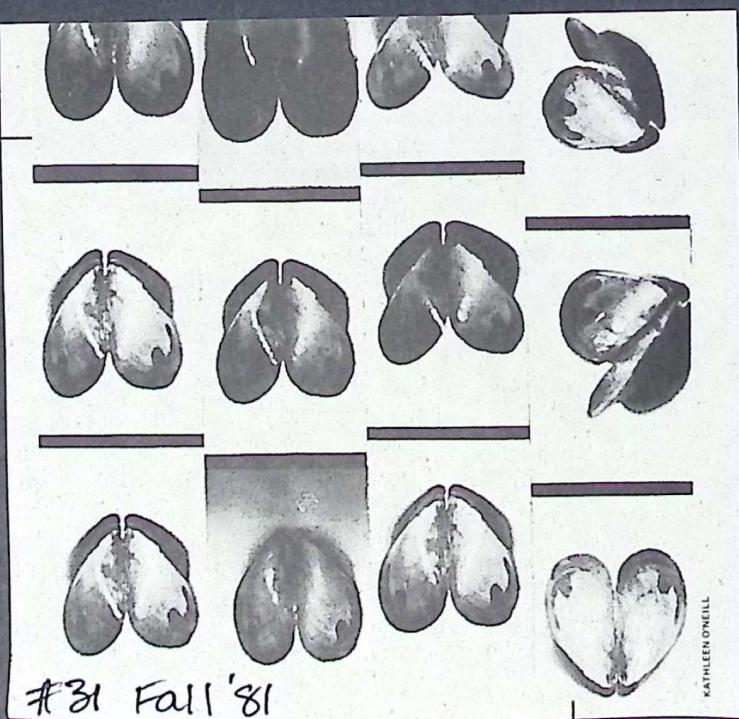
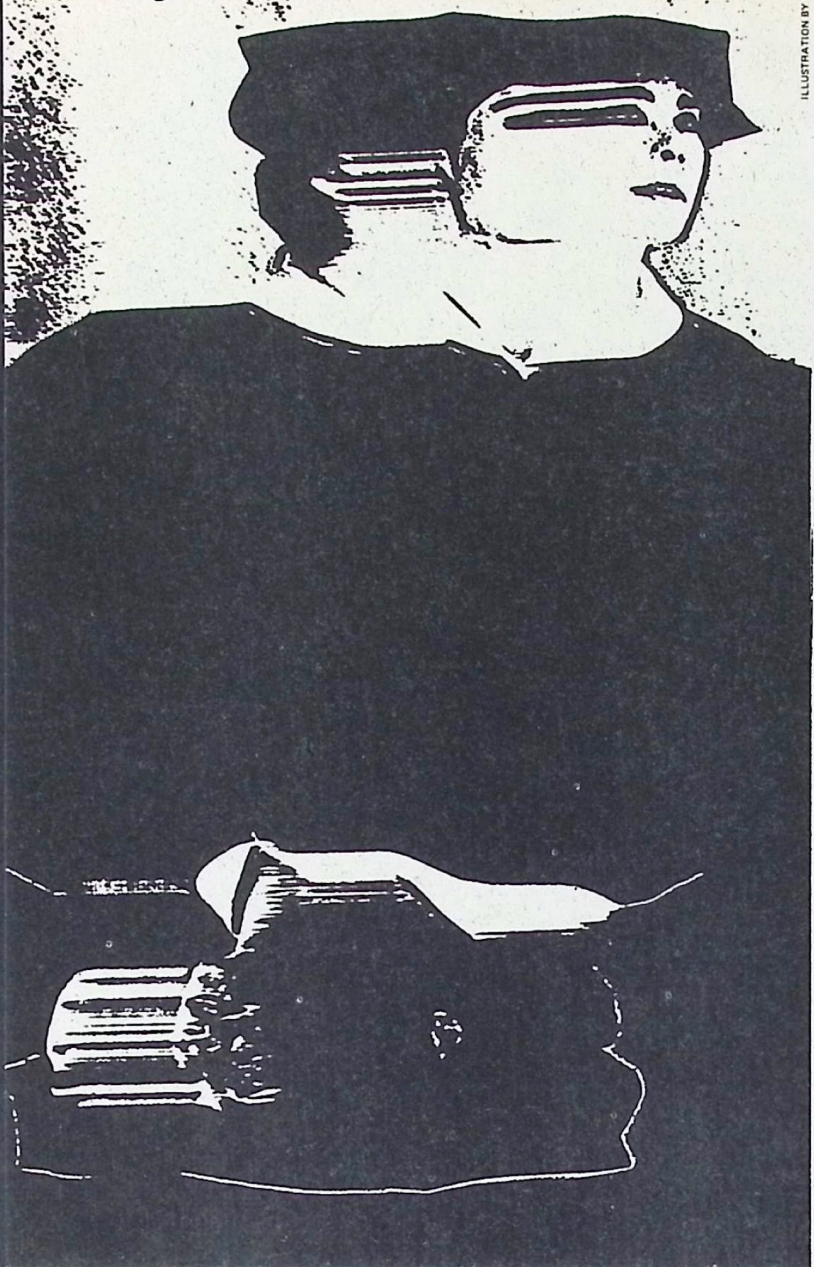


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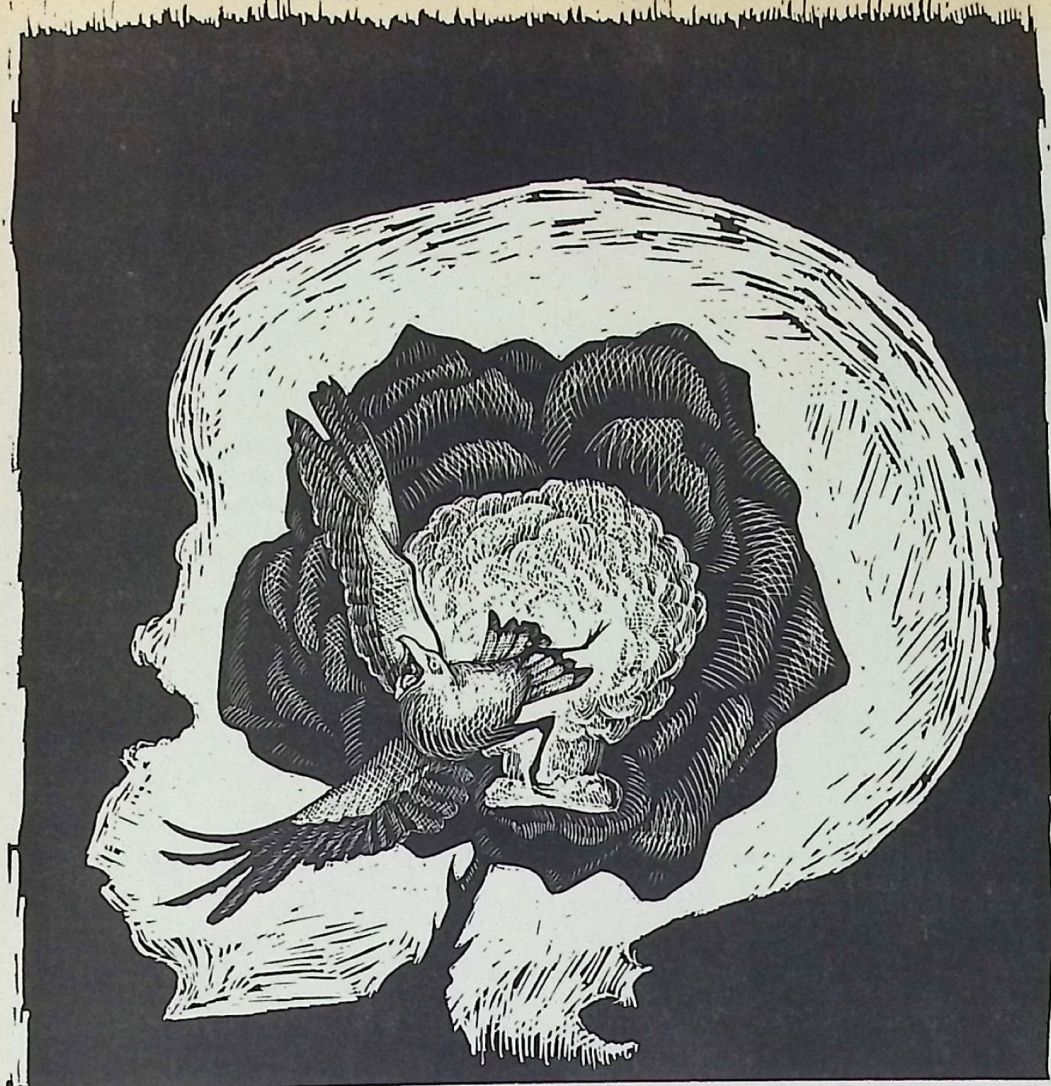
EXECUTIVE
COMMITTEE

#28 win '80

ILLUSTRATION BY K. O'NEILL



#31 Fall '81



K.O'Neill No.36

55

BOX 428 SAUSALITO CA 94966



K.O'Neill No.36



K.O'Neill No.36



SHINE ON

by Anne Herbert

Illustrations by Kathleen O'Neill

AMANDA had a story in her head that kept coming into her head. In it, she lived her whole life in a country with no sun. Light but no sun. No sun, no color. Not much weather. Everything was lukewarm rumpled and grey. In that country she built a stained glass window.

She started seeing little flecks of color in rocks and dirt when she was small. She saved them with no words for what they were. She got better and better at seeing them and did people think she was crazy? Yes.

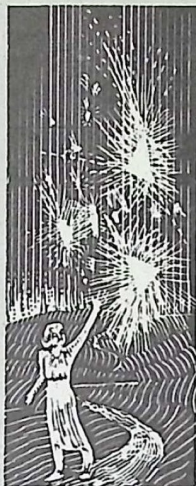
She took her bits and glints and moved to a hill with no people. She played with fire and melted some things and burned others (including her hands — glow of color in the scabs). What the fire left sometimes had more of what her eyes itched for. She seared her gleams again and again until the colors were bright and her hands solid scar.

A hole with gleams stretched across it kept waking her up. "Make me real." She tried, but something was wrong. Two years, three years. A standing up hole made of gleams. Oh. Need to build a house for that standing up hole. "And I'll fill it," a voice said.

No.38

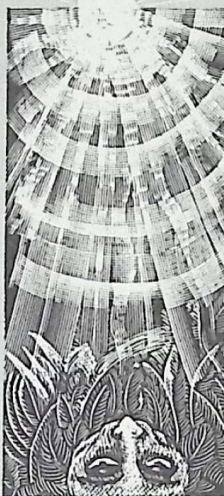


She built a couple of houses that weren't good enough for the hole and then built one that was. She tried filling the hole more different ways than she could count — an old lady burning her hands because they couldn't feel anymore, an old lady talking to herself so the voice would leave her alone.



She finally got the right gleams stretched across the hole in the right way. Not the ones she had dreamed but better. (The voice had left her head and taken her hands.) She went to sleep in front of the done window. She woke up because. Because because because "the sun was rising." The sun was rising and she had no words to shield herself.

The hole was full and the house was full of a thousand times the most she'd ever dreamed. A vast emptiness inside her that she had not known was there was filled, and she was in a trance of joy. And she woke up because.



Because because because a man was running past the house screaming. And then a woman screaming, and more people, fighting and tearing at each other, where people had not been in years. They had not suspected the sun. They were taking it crazy and blind. They were roaring out of town mad, searching for the grey.

This was the part of the story where Amanda started to cry. Should she have tried to explain — to prepare the people who had jeered her out of town? Prepare them for what she'd not expected? Should she feel bad — she couldn't help feeling bad as the people quieted into lunacy or death — just as she couldn't help glorying like a swimmer, like a lover in the hundred, million colors all around her, undiminished by formal classification. Amanda in the story was ecstatic, guilty and confused and Amanda listening to the story in her head said to me, who made her tell me the story, "Love what you desire. Only love is worth the danger of desire. If anything is."

*If it can be said of anyone it can certainly be said of Anne Herbert that she needs no introduction to regular CQ readers. Still hard at work on her *Rising Sun* book for Random House, she last appeared in these pages with "Honest Hope" in the Fall '82 CQ.*

—Jay Kinney